White Cloud Kansas Chief.

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VOLUME I. } WHITE CLOUD, KANSAS, THURSDAY, AUGUST 20, 1857. { NUMBER 12.

Choice Poetry.

AIR CASTLES.

Did you ever build air castles, darling,
When you're weary of every day care—
Structures gorgeous as palace of spirits,
And garnished with treasures so rare?
And, darling, did you ever wander
Those halls of your fancy within,
Till you gilded the world with a glory
That shaded its sorrow and sin?

And then, when your dreams were all sunny,
And proudly your castle so fair,
Rose crowned with its glittering turrets,
Did you think—"it's only of air!"
Oh, no! for we all go on dreaming,
Till the fabric we've reared melts away;
Till its cloudy foundations have vanished
In the light of the actual day!

I have builded my air castles, darling,
And roamed in their dim, dreary halls;
I have seen how the mantle of fancy
O'er shapes of the actual falls:
The shadowy dwellers are holy,
The clasp of their hands is more true
Than the greeting of those in the real life,
While the heaven that's above is more blue.

If ever you build, then, my darling,
These structures of beauty and air,
Let me tell you, of dwelling within them,
And loving their grandeur, beware!
For you'll find that 'tis only the actual
That grasps you with chilly, stern hand;
And you'll mourn, when too late to recall them,
Hours wasted in treacherous 'Dream Land!'

'Tis not meet that we build us such dwellings;
The roofs that we lean on may break,
The friends that we've trusted forsake us,
And the dreamer must sadly awake!
Give your love to the tried and the faithful,
Turn your eyes from the cloud-realm away,
Then you'll faint not, tho' wearied with journeying
'Neath the sun of the actual day.

HENRY CLAY.

Dedicated to the Old Whig Guard.

Sleep on, hallowed Patriot, in the grave's dark domains,
Thy name ever sacred shall be;
A gem to America—bright land which proclaims
In anthems the glory of thee:
The archives of History, in triumph shall glow,
With pride at thy limitless fame;
Gentle breezes of peace from Heaven shall blow,
O'er thy brow unsullied by stain.

Though stars in the Heavens grow dim with the morn,
And time meets with rapid decay,
Yet thy memory shall live, and thy virtues adorn
Thy country's fond pages' array;
Thy deeds of great worth shall ne'er be effaced,
As long as the flag of the free
Floats o'er this fair soil, in glory encased,
And Liberty swells on the lea.

Bowed down in meek worship at the shrine of thy tomb,
Thy country kneels weeping for thee;
Oh, Harry! bright flower, that lit, in its bloom,
The hearts of all Freemen with glee:
The name of great Washington, brave hero of yore,
With thine ever blended shall be;
And the pride of America, the illustrious Fillmore,
Now breathes the sweet accents of thee.

Select Tale.

(From the Boston Olive Branch.)

THE FOREIGN COIN.

BY CAROLINE F. ORNE.

(Concluded.)

CHAPTER II.

The master of the lonely old house on the river side, had returned to his home with a hurried step about the time when the faint gleam of the dawning was just discernable in the east. His cheek was flushed, his mein agitated, and groping about in the dim light he lifted the large hearth-stone with the utmost care, and deposited something beneath it, and then fitted it again into its place with nice accuracy, pressing it cautiously down with his foot. After this he stole softly up stairs, undressed and crept quietly into bed. Slumber, however, seemed unwilling to visit his eyelids, for he lay uneasy and restless, sometimes starting up just as sleep apparently overpowered him, and only sinking into rest towards sun-rise.

Just as the sun was wheeling his broad disc above the horizon, little Mary Harland arose from her peaceful slumbers. Habitually neat, she washed, dressed and brushed her beautiful hair. Then after a brief and simple prayer, she descended the narrow, crooked stairs, and began to make preparations for breakfast. She saw that her grandfather had returned, and wondered that she did not hear him come in.

When breakfast was all ready, she thought she had better call him, as it was much later than he usually rose. 'But no,' said she, 'he is fatigued, and perhaps wishes to sleep. I will not disturb him.' So she put all the things to the fire to keep warm, and then changed the water of her flowers, and admired them for some time, and did various little things to pass the time away. At length her grandfather came down dressed in his ordinary clothes, but with a somewhat strange expression on his countenance, which Mary thought was perhaps caused by something he had heard or seen during his absence.

'Well, my child,' said he as he drew his chair up to the table, 'how did you pass the day yesterday?'

Mary gave him an animated account of her visitors, and her presents, to which he listened with something like a smile of pleasure, interrupting her only by asking for the bread-knife. Mary blushed, saying she had mislaid it, and handing him a common one, went on with her story.

Meanwhile as they were thus engaged, they did not perceive that between them and the broad sun-light, three shadows fell on the floor. Presently Edward Crary arose to go out as usual to his labor.

'I shall go away this afternoon,' said he to Mary in his sweet musical voice, 'and you may have dinner early.'

Just as he turned to go out, he became aware of the presence of three men at his door. For a moment Edward Crary looked at them in silence, and then asked them abruptly for what they came.

'Robbery and well nigh murder have been committed, and you are suspected of the deed.'

'Robbery! murder! I guilty! It is a vile falsehood!' exclaimed Crary, turning first red and then pale.

His emotion bere to the spectators a strong appearance of guilt.

'Look!' whispered one of them, 'the very colored clothes, light drab.'

'Yes, yes, it's very clear!' said the other.

'Come, sir, you had better confess and may be it will go easier with you. Tell us where you put the gold.'

'I confess myself a robber! Never! It is an infernal plot against me. Get out of my house, villains.'

'You had best be quiet, sir, and make no threats. If you are innocent you have nothing to fear, meantime we must look around a little. Thomas, have an eye on the fellow while we search,' and producing his warrant the man showed it to Edward, who sank moodily into a chair, saying only—

'Fate, fate herself is against me!'

He showed no emotion while they examined the premises, except once when they looked around the fire-place, and then he bit his lip till the blood sprang. Fortunately for him it never occurred to them to lift the stone. They seemed disappointed, but after taking off his shoe and measuring it, and finding the bit of drab cloth fitted exactly into a small torn place in his pantaloons, they told him he must go with them before the magistrate.

Edward looked first at them and then at Mary, who terrified and astonished, had witnessed the scene in silence.

'Come here, Mary,' said he.

Mary was at his side in a moment, and her hand stole gently into the clasp of his.

'They are going to take your grandfather away, for a murderer!' Mary burst into sobs.

'Hush, my child, they cannot prove it. But I may be gone some time, you must take good care of every thing. Do not be afraid, no one will harm you. You may find unexpected friends, and the strange man smoothed her glossy curls and kissed her fair forehead. Then turning with a haughty air to the men he said, 'I am ready to go with you.'

'Oh, don't take away my grandfather, he is good, he is innocent!' sobbed Mary, with clasped hands and streaming eyes. 'Indeed he is!'

'We are doing a sad duty, poor child,' said one, an old man, compassionately. 'But for certain, you are innocent, and shall not be left to suffer.'

And as he looked from her to Edward it seemed to him that he saw an expression of gratitude on that hard, stern countenance.

The news of the robbery had spread so fast, that by the time Edward Crary reached the magistrates, there was quite a crowd gathered round. Many respectable people were there, for the deed was a strange and horrid one in that part of the country—and among the rest were Ben Pearson who was commenting loudly on the enormity of the wickedness, after such generous and kind feelings as were shown by the Armitages too, and there was Idle Bill, also, every now and then adding his word.

'For my part,' said he, 'I never see any good come of these fellows as set themselves up to be better than their neighbors.'

'That's why he lived all alone by himself,' said one.

'I've heard tell,' said another, 'he never touches a drop of liquor—no not so much as a mug of beer, or a tumbler of cider.'

'That's enough to prove what he is,' muttered a ragged devotee to alcohol,

'Hush—hush! here they come,' and every eye in the crowd was turned on the unhappy man. He bore their glances unmoved, as it seemed to them, in a kind of stubborn defiance. His blue eyes were cold and stern, and his form was drawn up to its fullest height.

Great was the anxiety of the crowd to hear what the magistrates would say, but none of them were admitted to the room. The result of the examination was that Edward Crary was committed on charge of robbery and attempted murder.

He denied the charge and declared himself innocent, but obstinately refused to give any account as to where he was the night before, though he declared he was far away from the scene of the murder. The proofs, however, were strong against him. His shoe corresponded exactly to the measure of the track in the flower bed, the piece of cloth was undeniably torn from his pantaloons. Poor little Mary had been sent for and identified the knife which was in the wound with her missing bread-knife. She shuddered at the sight of the blood on its blade, but she knew it by a mark on the handle, she had scratched M. H. on it only the day before; the initials of her own name. Her simple story was soon told and taken down in writing, but alas! it was fully as much against her grandfather as in his favor.

It was the only time he had been away all night since he lived in that house, it was contrary to his usual habits to rise late; his manner was unusual that morning. In fine his going away in the afternoon seemed designed to mislead inquiry, or perhaps was done for the furtherance of his project. In short it was set down as a deliberate and deeply planned villainy, and the calm and even dignified assertion of innocence was considered as only the ordinary plea under such circumstances. The grandfather and grandchild again parted; poor Mary was firm in her belief of her grandfather's innocence. How could she be otherwise? But her lonely house seemed trebly wretched and lonely when she returned to it. Many people came to see her from curiosity, and she became weary of seeing them, and their voices sounded hatefully to her, because they accused her dear grandfather of a horrid crime.

The trial of Edward Crary was not to take place till six weeks after his commitment. There was great excitement in the town, and as the county jail was situated in the place they were frequently reminded of the presence of the criminal. Every one believed him guilty; the tide of popular prejudice was against him; there was no sympathy felt for him. In fact, the deed was so deliberate and atrocious, he was already judged and condemned before his trial. The only puzzle seemed to be, that there was none of the stolen goods to be found.

Harry too, the frank, brave Harry, was a universal favorite, and when he was pronounced out of danger, a burst of joy rang through the village; but though out of immediate danger, the poor boy remained very weak, but perfectly happy in the belief that he had saved his mother's life. His testimony was of great importance too; and it was now supposed he would be able to give it at the trial.

If Edward Crary found none but enemies, his little grand-daughter was not wanting in friends. Old Joe kept the promise he made on the morning he was instrumental in arresting her grandfather, and as she steadily refused to leave the house, he persuaded his sister to go and stay with her nights, for he said it was cruel to leave a young child alone under such circumstances. He went often to the prison to see Edward also, and tell of Mary's welfare, for the good old man was kind-hearted, even to the guilty. He urged Edward to confess his crime, and shook his head sadly, when he only asserted his innocence. Edward always greeted him respectfully, in right of his age, and seemed pleased when he came, though he knew he was doing all in his power to prove him guilty of a dreadful crime.

It wanted now but a week to the time of trial, when as Edward was moodily pacing up and down his cell, a slight noise startled him. He naturally looked towards the grating of his window, and there he saw a stone dangling at the end of a string. It was just within his reach, and he drew it carefully towards him. At the other end of the string was a letter, rolled up in such a form as to admit of its being pressed between the bars. Edward eagerly tore it open, and read it hastily by the dim twilight.

He was evidently deeply agitated by the perusal; a cry of joy broke from his laboring bosom, and tears started into those eyes, commonly so cold. He passed the night in restless excitement, and seemed impatient for the hour when old Joe commonly came to see him.

Utter was the astonishment of the latter, when Edward earnestly requested him to ask Mrs. Armitage to come and see him that very day.—Nevertheless old Joe promised to give the message. Helen Armitage was no less surprised than her faithful servant had been, but nevertheless she resolved to grant the request.

'It may be that he wishes to confess his crime to me,' thought she, 'and make restoration. I can leave dear Harry a little while now—thank heaven for his recovery.'

Towards the latter part of the afternoon, Mrs. Armitage, accompanied by old Joe, was admitted to the prison. Edward Crary was impatiently waiting their arrival. Mrs. Armitage felt a cold chill creep over her as she entered the cell of the criminal.

'I must claim the privilege of speaking to you alone, madam,' said Edward, in his sweet melancholy voice.

Mrs. Armitage started as she heard it, there was something in it like the haunting tone of music heard long ago.

Edward spoke again and smiled sadly.

'You need not fear me, madam, your friend can stand outside with the keeper, but what I have to say, I wish to communicate to yourself only.'

There was something in that sweet voice that touched the heart of Helen Armitage.

'You may stand outside, Joseph,' said she.

Joseph respectfully bowed and retired.

'I can offer you but poor accommodations, madam,' said Edward, pointing to the stone bench, 'but they are the best I have now.'

Mrs. Armitage seated herself, her dark dress lying in folds on the prison floor. With her white, ungloved hand she drew aside her veil, and looked calmly at the prisoner. Surely those were not the fierce eyes that had struck such terror to her heart that fearful night. And that voice, so sweet, so musical! Could it be that that voice had spoken such horrible words to her unfortunate Harry.

It was a strange sight to see the lovely Helen Armitage in the cold cell of a prison, face to face with a reputed robber and murderer.

The prisoner pushed back the dark hair, threaded thick with silver, from his broad forehead, and thereby discovered a small scar on his temple, in the peculiar shape of a star.

Suddenly Helen Armitage rose from her seat, and stepped close to the prisoner, exclaiming with passionate vehemence.

'In the name of heaven, tell me truly, are you not Edward Alwyn?'

'I was Edward Alwyn,' said he, even more agitated—and grasping Helen's arm he looked eagerly in her face. 'And you, you—'

'I am your unhappy sister!'

'Great God!' exclaimed Edward, supporting the half-fainting Helen in his arms, 'is this true, or am I in a dream?'

Helen hastily drew herself from him, and looking up in his face with mournful earnestness, said in a low, bitter tone of sadness,

'Are you guilty, my brother?'

'God forgive you the unworthy thought, my sister!' said Edward, indignantly.

'I knew it! I knew it! God be praised,' cried Helen in a burst of joy. 'Oh, you must go home with me to-night!'

'You forget I am a prisoner.'

'But you are innocent.'

'In the eye of the law I am guilty, and every appearance is against me.'

'Merciful Heaven! what can be done? I will move heaven and earth to prove your innocence.'

'Dear, impetuous sister; warm-hearted as I left you fifteen years ago, but be calm now—I have much to tell you,' said Edward, drawing her to his side and kissing her fondly. 'I will tell you my own story to-morrow; to-day I wish to speak of my grand-child.'

'Your grand-child! Oh yes, poor little Mary. Strange the children should have taken a fancy to her, just from seeing her across the river.'

'Yes, they must be sweet children. I long to see them, and you also, you have a long story to tell me.'

'Not very long, I will tell it you to-morrow. Tell me yours, now?'

'First about Mary, then. I wish you to take her home to your house. I did intend you should place her at some good house to board, but things are changed now. She has seen some trouble, poor child, and I fear in my anxiety for her, I have neglected her somewhat and appeared cold and stern to her—God knows how much I love her though! You must go over to our poor little hut, and underneath a flat, square stone in the middle of the hearth, you will find a box of papers, and with them a purse of gold. They are very important papers to Mary, though she does not know it. Take them, and keep them very carefully. Perhaps after all, I had better tell you my whole story, briefly, as it is not very late. You can spare me an hour or two, can't you?'

'Certainly, my dear brother.'

'Well then, you remember I left here fifteen years ago to return to England, where I had left my wife and daughter. You were then a lovely girl of fifteen, with your friends, the Hoffmans, very pleasantly situated. The voyage was accomplished in safety, and I found my dear wife and child well. Shortly after my return, that is to say in three years, my father-in-law died, and left me his estate on condition of my taking his name. He would have left it to my infant son, but the poor little fellow only lived a few months. I took the name of Crary, in compliance with both the wishes of my wife and her father, and we lived prosperous and happy for a time, till my Louisa was grown into a handsome young girl. Then I lost my dear wife, and hardly had she been laid in the grave, when the property was claimed by another branch of the family, who had been very angry at my having been named heir. They contrived by surreptitious means to obtain possession of it, and I was obliged to leave a place where I had passed many happy years, and descend to comparative poverty. My poor Louisa was young, beautiful and ambitious, and the change was galling to her. In fine, she made an imprudent marriage—imprudent, because she married clandestinely a young man of dissipated habits, though handsome, of good family, of some property, and much greater expectations. We lived then handsomely for three years, but my poor girl was not happy. Her proud relations would scarcely notice her, her husband was addicted to habits of careless dissipation, and her chief happiness lay in her little Mary, named for our mother. At length a son was born, and this event roused all a father's pride in Charles Harland's breast, and for a time there was joy at Harland House. But the young heir drooped and died like a fragile flower, and his mother did not long survive him. Mary, the sweet child, was not a favorite with her father, and when Louisa died, I removed to a small house near by, which was occupied by a worthy family, with whom I boarded. At length, when Mary was about seven years old, her father having one night gambled away all his property, shot himself dead in a fit of desperation. His family would take no notice of Mary, and even denied that Charles Harland was ever married. Judge of my indignation at this baseness. I sought the proofs of their marriage whereby to confound and put the slanderers to shame. But with deep-laid villainy the marriage certificate had been destroyed, and the very page of the records where the marriage undoubtedly had been inserted, was carefully cut out, no one could tell by whom. I was completely foiled. Sick at heart, I took my poor grandchild, and selling what little I possessed, I came over to my native country.'

'But why did you never write me?'

'I did, but probably the letters were lost. I never received any from you.'

'And yet I wrote you, but it was in your own name, as I did not know you had changed it.'

'When I arrived here, I went directly to B—, where I left you. After much enquiry, I learned you had married and removed a hundred miles from there to a town in Maryland. There I sought you, and all I could learn was that you had lost your husband suddenly, and was gone to reside with some friends in Virginia. I could trace you no farther, and finding I must be prudent of my money, about a year since, I took the little house I now live in, and devoted myself to labor and my grandchild.'

'Ah, my poor brother, how hard to have been near each other so long, and not know it.'

'Yes, for had we but known it, this terrible evil had not occurred.'

Helen uttered a deep sigh, she had almost forgotten where she was in her interest in the narrative.

'But my brother,' said she springing up lightly, 'surely you can prove an alibi, if as you say you were not at home that fatal night!'

A dark shade came over Edward Crary's face.

'I will tell you why that is impossible,' said he, 'I went away some miles from home to meet in a retired place, a man who is a fugitive from justice. I promised solemnly not to betray him. He was formerly a servant in the Harland family, and the next heir to Charles Harland having this man in his power, on account of some former crime, promised to be silent, if he would procure the marriage certificate, and destroy that and the record, or rather to bring them to him to destroy. As often happens, he dealt with a more cunning rogue than himself, for the man being an excellent writer, merely gave his master forged copies and retained the true papers, to use for his own benefit at some future day. In consequence of another forgery he fled to this country, and accidentally, meeting me, he conceived the idea of selling me his secret, on condition of a certain sum of money now, and a large sum if I obtain the possession of Mary's rightful property, which by the words of her great uncle's will, is left to Charles Harland's heirs, male or female. This very night he has given me the certificate of marriage. He has told me how I can prove these papers to be the true ones, and I see no great difficulty in gaining the suit. If they take my life, I bequeath poor Mary and her cause to you.'

Helen's tears fell fast. 'But I will not believe they will judge the cause against you, Edward. I will employ Mr. S. to defend you, he is an able and eloquent man. I will do everything.'

'Ah,' said Edward shaking his head, 'the villain has laid his plot cunningly. You see every circumstance is against me.'

Helen kissed her brother, found alas! after so many years supposing him dead, and found in such cruel circumstances, and promising to see him to-morrow, she left the cell with tears still standing in her beautiful eyes.

That night Mary Harland became an inmate of the great house, and was warmly welcomed by her young cousins. The papers were taken from their concealment and put in a place of safety, and the best lawyer in the county feed to defend Edward Crary's cause.

The day of Edward Crary's trial at length came on, and there was never before such an intense excitement. It was known far and wide that the rich widow was sister to the criminal, and was moving every power to obtain his acquittal. No trace of the money had been discovered, and on this was founded the chief hope of the prisoner. The court-room was filled with spectators, and the crowd continually increased. Amid a deep silence, the prisoner, wearing a calm and unusually cheerful countenance, and attired wholly in black, plead in his sweet, clear voice,

'Not guilty.'

The witnesses were examined. First came Mary Harland, who shrunk timidly from the crowd whose many eyes were fixed on her. Her testimony varied not at all from that account which she first gave to the magistrate. The spectators were moved by pity to see this beautiful child obliged to testify against her nearest and dearest relative.

Mrs. Armitage was next called and stated what we have before related. The sight of her youth, of her loveliness, and of the deep sorrow and evident reluctance with which she gave her testimony moved even the stern Judge to compassion. She was asked if she could swear to the prisoner's identity to the robber.

'Before God and man I believe they were two different persons,' said Helen, with deep energy.

The testimony of Harry Armitage came next. Pallid from his recent illness, the brave and noble boy stepped upon the stand. A burst of sympathetic feeling broke from the crowd, which was hushed by the imperative mandate,

'Silence in the court!'

There was an ill-repressed murmur of joy, when Harry after giving a distinct account of the robbery, swore positively he did not believe the prisoner at the bar to be the robber.

After all the witnesses had been examined, the court adjourned till afternoon, and the men gathered in little knots around the corners, and in the stores, and some were against but most were in favor of the prisoner, for the tide of feeling had begun to turn in his favor. When the court met again in the afternoon, it was more crowded than ever, and most of the idlers around the tavern had already left, when Ben Pearson came rapidly hurrying up,

'Hallo, Idle Bill,' cried he as he stepped into the bar, 'are you waiting for somebody to give you a drink?'

'I can get what I want for myself and no thanks to you,' said Bill, in a surly tone.

'Can you?' said Ben carelessly. 'I never knew you to refuse a glass before. Come, landlord, a mug of cider, for it's powerful hot, and I'm in a hurry to get into the court.'

At this moment Idle Bill staggered up to the counter and threw down a piece of money, saying,

'Give me a glass of rum, Parker; make it pretty stiff and sweet.'

As the coin rolled off the counter, Ben Pearson picked it up, and started and changed color at the sight of it. He said nothing, however, but handed it to the landlord, who took it, muttering,

'It's a furrin coin, worth I suppose, about a pistareen,' and tossing the change to Idle Bill.

'As I'm curious in coins, I'll give you a quarter for it. Is it a bargain?' said Ben Pearson.

'A bargain,' said the landlord, passing the coin and taking the exchange, as Idle Bill having drank the spirit, staggered into court.

'The fellow is drunk all the time lately, and don't work much either,' said the landlord, pointing with his thumb over his shoulder at Idle Bill.

'Ah,' said Ben, 'is it so? How goes the case, landlord?'

'Ten to one against the prisoner. All the circumstances are clear and plain, but lawyer S. is mighty clever. They say he'll have a heap of money if he gets him clear. And besides all that, his sister—he's just found her out—has promised five hundred dollars to any body that'll find track of the real robber, for she persists in saying this ain't the one.'

'May be it isn't,' said Ben. 'Is Mrs. Armitage here?'

'Oh, for sartin,' she is a witness you know.—But ain't you going in?'

'Yes in a moment,' and Ben Pearson's honest face seemed perplexed by doubt. Presently it cleared up a little, and off he started. The landlord left the bar in charge of a boy, and hurried over to the court-house, to hear the trial go on.

Mr. S. was certainly a lawyer of consummate abilities, but he felt there was little room to hope, with such a strong array of evidence against the prisoner, especially as he firmly refused to tell where he was on the fatal night in question. It was a point of honor with Edward Crary, and even the prospect of ignominy could not make him waver.

Just as Mr. S. was about to commence the defence, a man made his way up to him, and addressed a few words to him in a low tone. A look of delight and astonishment spread over the lawyer's features as he spoke a few words to the man, and then commenced the case.

After speaking fully of the extreme caution with which circumstantial evidence should be taken, he proposed notwithstanding, to prove conclusively, that the prisoner at the bar was innocent of the crime alleged against him.

At this moment there was a little stir and bustle towards the door, but officers were stationed there to prevent any one from going out. Every one was now on the *qui vive*, expecting something new and extraordinary; even Edward Crary partook of the general feeling.

In a few moments, to the surpise of all, Ben Pearson took the stand as a witness for the prisoner. He looked around the assembly for a moment, his honest, frank countenance lighted up with a peculiarly gratified expression, and then gave his testimony in such a frank, straightforward manner as carried conviction to all present.

He told the whole story of the Armitage children's kind-hearted desire to give pleasure to Mary Harland; of Mrs. Armitage having accidentally paid him a peculiar coin, which he examined carefully and returned to her, she valuing it as a gift from her absent brother, supposed to be dead; he described briefly his visit to the lonely house where the prisoner lived, and his astonishment at the accusation brought against him. His interest in the case had brought him from a great distance to hear the trial—he arrived late, and stopped at the bar opposite to get a drink of cider; while there, a certain individual present had paid at the bar the very coin he had seen in possession of Mrs. Armitage, to this fact the landlord could bear witness. He, Pearson, had bought the coin at a little more than its value; it had been identified by the owner, and he could now produce it. He immediately handed the coin to the Judge, who examined it. It was peculiar, of ancient appearance, covered entirely with hieroglyphics, and apparently Chinese. Mrs. Armitage was immediately called upon to swear to its identity, which she did unhesitatingly; there were little marks by which she knew it beyond doubt.

Ben Pearson was ordered to declare from whom the coin was received, and his testimony, and the landlord Parker's criminuted idle Bill, who was immediately brought forward in charge of two officers, for it had been privately noted, that once or twice during Ben's narrative he had tried to leave the hall. Being called upon to account for his possession of the coin, he at first said he got it in pay for work from Mr. Jenkins; but the latter individual immediately said he he had not worked for him for two months. Indeed it was asserted loudly that idle Bill had done nothing for six weeks past, but get tipsey, that his behavior was strange, that he was quarrelsome, &c., and it was with difficulty, silence and order were obtained. Idle Bill looked round with sullen and lowering gaze, muttering 'it was d—d hard to haul a man up for spending his own money.'

Harry and Mrs. Armitage were again called to testify, whether the man named William Allen, commonly called idle Bill, was the man who had robbed the one and wounded the other.

Both declined to swear positively, as the dress was so different. A look of triumph came on the countenance of idle Bill, which was soon dissipated however, by an order from the Judge, that William Allen should be taken from the court, and clad in the prisoner's dress, which was done, much to the dismay and anger of that miserable man, who protested bitterly against it, and even resisted by force, till reminded that this violent opposition was presumptive proof of guilt. As he again entered the Court, he shrunk appalled from from the countless eyes, that all fixed their piercing glances on him. It was indeed a terrible ordeal, and in breathless silence the multitude listened for Harry Armitage's testimony. Mrs. Armitage could not declare him the culprit, even in his changed dress; but Harry in a firm, clear voice now swore positively as to the indentity of the robber with the man before him. A low murmur ran through the crowd. Idle Bill trembled, turned pale, and then rallying himself, swore a deep oath that he was innocent.

His appearance was certainly calculated to produce no favorable impression. A bloated face, fierce, scowling eyes, hair disordered and snarled, and matted together, and a reckless, desperate air, these were all against him. But proofs of guilt were now accumulating fast. Crime cannot be long concealed; the very stones cry out, and nature herself turns evidence against the guilty.

Two officers had been sent to examine the tumble-down building where Idle Bill lived, but they found nothing to reward their search. Trifles light as air, sometimes determine men's destiny. A fine grey squirrel attracted the attention of one of the officers, a rather young man, who lived very near, as it sprang lightly up an old oak tree that grew close by the house.

'Ah!' said he, as he watched him run into a hole a little way up the trunk, 'I promised my little girl a squirrel, and I can catch this one so easy, I're half a mind to do it.'

'Oh, nonsense!' said the other, come away, it is a waste of time.'

'It won't take me two minutes,' and up he sprang into the tree. Wrapping his silk handkerchief carefully round his hand, he thrust it into the hole, and drew out, not the grey squirrel, but a small grey trunk.

'Hallo! what the deuce have we here?' cried he, not heeding the squirrel which ran out of the hole to the end of one of the branches, and sat there scolding and chattering.

'What have you got?' said the man below.

'Something, I can tell you,' said the other, running his hand again into the hole, and drawing out a red purse, and a gold watch.

'My eyes! here's a discovery,' cried he, joyfully, hastening down. 'Here's the proofs! We've got him now. Thunder and lightning! This *is* a squirrel's nest!'

When the other officer saw what had been discovered he too was delighted, and they both hastened back to court.

When this new proof was brought before the Judge, the excitement in the Court was intense. Idle Bill now convinced that denial was useless, acknowledged the crime, and plead abjectly for mercy, promising to confess all.

Edward Crary was promptly discharged, amid the congratulations of the Judge and the Lawyers, the shouts of applause of the people, who would not be restrained, and with difficulty he made his way with his sister, grand-daughter and nephew, to the carriage which soon bore them all to Mrs. Armitage's house, while the prison cell, his late abode, was tenanted by idle Bill. This miserable man confessed that he had long desired to rob Mrs. Armitage, and that he had only waited for a favorable opportunity to enable him to fix the guilt on Edward Crary, who from his lonely manner of living was likely to be suspected. His plan was well laid. He had accidently discovered Crary's intended absence, and had merely eaten his supper with Mary that night, in order to see exactly where the clothes and things were, so that he could readily find them in the dark, and replace them also without noise. He did not think of arming himself, till he saw the bread knife at supper, that first put it in his mind, but he acknowledged he would have killed Mrs. Armitage, if Harry had not interposed, to prevent his own detection. He had studiously made the traces of his way in getting in, clear and plain, and left things as plainly fixing the deed upon Edward Crary as posible. He intended after some time to have cautiously disposed of the jewels, and have removed to another place. But though he dared not touch the gold, he did not think there would be any danger in spending the silver that was in the purse.

'And if it had not been for Ben Pearson,' said he, 'curse his prying eyes, nobody would ever have thought of its being me.'

As it was, idle Bill soon became a life tenant of a stronger prison, where his greatest hardship was, that he had to work hard.

For the rest of the parties concerned in this narrative; the officer who discovered the trunk in the tree, was handsomely rewarded—Ben Pearson, no longer a travelling merchant, became master of the finest store in C——, filled with goods, the gift of Mrs. Armitage, and subsequently doubled in value by Edward Crary—sweet Mary Harland recovered thro' her grandfather's exertions all her immense English property—and the man who restored the essential proofs to Edward Crary, was liberally rewarded.

In a few years there was a joyous marriage at the great house. Old Joe, grown but a shade older, still went about the very personification of happiness. Carry made the prettiest little bridesmaid in the world. Mrs. Armitage, still lovely and beautiful, looked with proud affection on her brave, beautiful Harry, a noble young man, handsome and amiable, who was saying some words of gentle encouragement to his fair, blushing bride, his cousin Mary.

Edward Crary's blue eyes were no longer a cold and stern expression, but beamed full of love on all around him, and the children no longer were afraid to throw their arms around his neck and kiss him, sure of meeting love in return.

The silver pencil Harry sent to Mary, and the coin Edward gave his sister, became heir-looms in the family.

BONAPARTE'S OPINION OF HIS WIVES.—Their characters were diametrically opposite. Never were there two women less like each other. Josephine had grace, an irresistible seduction, and an unreserved devotedness. Maria Louise had all the timidity of innocence. When I married her she was truly a virtuous prince, and very submissive. Josephine would sacrifice millions upon her toilette and in her liberalities. Maria Louise, on the contrary, economised what I gave her, and I was obliged to scold, in order to induce her to make her expenditure consistent with her rank. Josephine was devoted to me; she loved me tenderly—no one ever had a preference to me in her heart. I uniformly held the first place—her children the next. And she was right, for she was the being I most loved, and the remembrance of her is still all-powerful in my mind.

THE JUJUBE TREE.—The Patent Office has received a supply of the seeds of this tree from the South of Europe, for experiment in the South. It grows in the form of a shrub, bearing a red oval fruit, about as large as olives. They are sweet, but are only eaten with us in the form of paste.

It was the remark of a celebrated London physician, who enjoyed the most lucrative practice, that he had witnessed such harrowing scenes at the death-beds of the aristocracy, that he shrunk with instinctive dread, when called upon to visit persons of this class in their sickness.

A DIFFERENCE.—The Hindoo law "Strikes not with a blossom, a wife, though she be guilty of a thousand faults!" The English law would let you "hit her again" with what the blossom grows on.

The average amount exhaled from the lungs and skin of a healthy adult of ordinary size, in 24 hours, is about 40 oz., and of this quantity about 10 dwt. consists of animal matter. What an argument for better ventilation!

HEALTH.—An indispensable requisite for business as well as amusement, which young men spend the greater part of their time in damaging, and old men the greater part of their wealth in repairing.

Lady Blessington once wrote: "I feel I am growing old, for want of somebody to tell me that I am looking young as ever! Charming falsehood! There is a vast deal of vital air in loving words."

There is a kind of physiognomy in the titles of books no less than in the faces of men, by which the skillful observer will as well know what to expect from the one as the other.

The bachelor who undertook to mend his breeches with the thread of life, gave it up as a bad job, and sent them to a tailor. Poor bach! not a girl to sympathize!

A BUSINESS MAXIM.—When you buy or sell, let or hire, make a clear bargain, and never trust to "We shan't disagree about it."

I take it to be a principal rule of life, not to be too much addicted to any one thing.